SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1919 New York Business Girls Dress Like Millionairesses,

New York Shopgirts Look So Pretty, So Immaculate-The New York Lass Who Attends the Fashionable Meeting Places Can "Dance Like a Streak."

This article is the third of a series by Miss May Christie, an English authoress, who arrived here Nov. 12. She is considered the Laura Jean Libby of the British Isles and often has had half a dozen of her stories Granning simultaneously in the British papers. Her theories on "Love" and "Marriage" are entertaining and pique the curiosity of the feminine reader,

By May Christie.

Cappright, 1915, by Tan Perss Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) WAS walking in the business section of New York to-day round halfpast five, and-meeting hundreds upon hundreds of pretty, immacu lately dressed young women-I inquired of my companion:

"Are these the beautiful American millionairesses that we read about London, and whom our impecualous peers and baronets desire to

'Why, these are business girls," he saids "bookkeepers, stenographers, tierks and workers in department stores:"



refined! Their clothes are so expen- girl! She's wide-awake and clever! sive! They're immaculately 'tailored.' They have such an 'air'-as though erator is another thing that strikes they'd never done a stroke of hard me in New York. work in their lives! Business girls, gindecd! You're quite mistaken!"

"rheld" were New York's toilers, after past eight!"

phers. They were working at tre- the receiver up with a little glow of the immaculate freshness of their

I take my hat off to the New York and for efficiency in business!

New York business girl is that she neither does she spin." She somehow

etore to-day. The girt who served damsels. But she is beautiful and me was chic, pretty, and intelligent. graceful, and she dances "like a You're British?" she inquired streak." "Won't you please tell me about the Her clothes are more extreme in Did you experience any of them?"

night bombing, when I never hoped to after-pleasure. ga eco the dawn!

pitelligent questions, listening easterly girl.

"But—but they look so pretty—and for answers. Size will "get on." that The politeness of the telephone op

At half-past eight she rouses me with a positively cooling note across But he wasn't! These "Illies of the the wire: "GOOD morning! It's half-

"Thank you!" I murmur sleepily. "YOU'RE wel-come!" she coose sky-high, wherein sat six stenogra- with a softly rising inflection. I hang mendous speed. Immensely capable satisfaction. The telephone operator they looked. But what struck me was makes me feel "at home," and happy! She's infinitely quicker than the crepe-de-chine or georgette "waists"- London girl, too, in "making a conbecomingness of their colffures- nection." And I've never heard her and the smartness of their long, slim, be impertment, as our own British operators are if one dares "find fault."

I have attended dances at the business girl for "style" in clothes Plaza. Ritz, and other fashionable New York meeting places, and there What strikes me, too, about the observed the girl who "tolls not actually enjoys her work. She's en- reminds me of an orchid. Her beauty is delicate, ethereal, willowy. She I was shopping in a big department lacks the robustness of our British

knows how to wear them to the best "All of them!" I answered, remem- advantage. She is vivacious-full of bering with a shudder many an all- sparkle-is the New York seeker-

Her eyes shone with interest. She fice, or social gathering, I frankly Christ; the city of Jerusalem with over-wrought, calls for Understand- piece of imagery ever put on the the stage, "The Wayfarer' is the

Courtship and Marriage

Advice by Betty Vincent

Marriage Can Never Put Aside Mother Love.

TERE is a ridiculous little lady | mother love which has been with him who fears to wed her fiance long before he ever met you. And, "Perplexed" and writes:

"I am engaged to a young man whom I love dearly and who actually worships me in return, but he is a man who thinks a great deal of his mother and a friend of mine has told me that such men do not make good husbands. Will you please tell me through your column what your appinion is of men who are so-called

Mother's Boys? The man who does not love his mother is not very apt to love his wife. Don't you remember that old, old nong, "A boy's best friend is his mether?" The boy who is worth while appreciates this and is devoted "to his mother. Men who have had to support their mothers always make the best husbands, and the man who line spent a good part of his time in his mother's company is always kind to women, considerate of their feel-Figs and has a better understanding of the workings of the feminine mind. Do not allow your friend to chide you by celling him a "mother boy," but rather rejoice that you are to marry

man who appreciates one who has ions, so much for him all his life. The only reason some wives have em gahappy with this type of man because they are jealous of the boy's mother. When your flance mar. os you, you must not expect him to give up this love for his mother. Just remember that his heart is big enough to hold the two types of love, mother love and wifely love. If he makes daily or weakly visits to his miliar's home you must be broad

over you he cannot put aside the

because he is what she terms above all, be assured that the young "a mother's boy." She signs herself man who is devoted to his mother will be just as devoted to his wife.

GOING DOWN!

DEAR EVERYBODY: One of the best professions to-day is the advertising business. Men in it are paid enormous salaries. Why? Because they can "finish the job."

The difference between the advertisement writer who EARNS (note this word) \$25,000 per year and the one who gets (note this word) \$2,500 is simply the ability of the former to FINISH THE JOB while the latter has to run to the bosa every now and then to find out how to do it.

Did you ever hear of an employer complaining because someone finished the job?

It is said the bead of the Government railroads gets an enormous salary for doing just one thing: FINISHING THE

Let not the sun go down upon an unfinished job, for to do this is but to throw a monkey wrench into the wheels of your success machinery.

Yours sincerely, ALFALFA SMITH.

Observes Miss May Christie 1,500 New York Churches to Produce a Play

Dramatic-Religious Production With 3,000 in Cast Will Try to Counteract Spirit of World Unrest



By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

HE American Passion Play, the biggest dramatic-religious performance ever staged, and the church's answer to the dangerous spirit of world unrest, will be embodied in "The Wayfarer," the Christmas pageant-drama opening in Madison Square Garden, Dec. 15, with the Inter-church World Movement-including more than 1,500 New

York churches—as "producer." There will be a cast of more than 3,000 members, including the chorus. No stage in New York is big

the scenic pic horrors of the war and what has come tures of "The after it. The Wayfarer appears on Wayfarer," which the stage with his close companion, torn village in

hills of Judea just outside Bethle tlefield itself is seen. Whether in department store, of- bem at the time of the birth of "The Wayfarer, heartibroken and to me the greatest and most beautiful best in the church and what is best in legorical vision of aff the nations at is to reasure him by proving to him time I, as Understanding, have been gentlemen who lately have been dethe Gates of the Future. The Gar. that in every age there is much that coming closer and closer to the Way- nouncing so 'indiscriminately the den itself had to be rebuilt to house is terrible and appalling, but that farer, and Despair has been going American stage. For are not we of full width of its stage is nearly that of an entire city block. Nearly 7,000 In her effort to give the Wayfarer and approached by a multitude of love and faith and hope for the persons can be accommodated at each his faith and hope once more, Under- steps. Understanding calls to all the future?" performance of the five weeks' sea- standing takes him back through the nations and peoples of the world, and "And do you think that message

> Irvine; Pontius Pilate, Arthur E. Mary, Jane W. Wheatley, and Mary glories than those lost, Magdalene, Ruth Vivian, A young college man, Lawrence H. Rich, a disciple of Max Rheinhart, is direct-

ing the production. "It is the answer," she replied, "to the counsellings of despair, the spirit of revolutionary unrest, the threat of chaca which the whole world is feeling to-day. It is truly the American Passion Play, the drama of Jesus, the most beautiful drama the world has ever known, retold in a new setting to answer new questions, apprehensions, rebellions, 'The Wayfarer' shows, without preaching, that if we are to go forward from the war and its aftermath of suffering and discontent we must go with Tolerance, Hope, Faith, Love of Our Fel-

war. Despair, who shows him the first

and ultimately must triumph."

"What is the message of 'The Way- in captivity, by the waters of Babyfarer'?" I asked Miss Blanche Yurka, lon, compelled to practice their worthe promise that their children's chil-Hohl; Bartimaeus, Paul Leyssac; dren shall be restored to greater blessing of the Cross, and the Way- appreciative of beauty, the most

> tween the original Passion Play and Chorus. on the night of the Saviour's hirth. color, light and acting. Besides the his triumphal entry into ferusalem, the judgment of Pilate, the crowds the New Symphony Orchestra of 190 aweeping toward Calvary and, finally musicians, with the American com-

great scenic marvel of the play, a Messenger rolls away the stone from The great classic religious harmonies Flanders village over which the in- the empty tomb before the eyes of have been woven into the programme. Flanders near a vaders have passed, leaving ruin in the two Marys and announces, "He "It seems to me the production is battlefield; the their wake. In the distance the bat- is not here—for He is risen!"

and Faith forever reassert themselves stand at the Gates of the Future, pageant-drama, to convey the supported by four immense columns church's great spiritual message of ages. First, she shows him the Jews they come sweeping up to the stage will 'get over' in our so called mafrom the back of the auditorium in a Rheinhart effect, wearing the nawho, as Understanding, plays the ship in secret, receiving the tidings tional costumes and carrying the "You and I know New York is not leading feminine role. Walter Hamp- that their altars have been over-flags, but all together expressing the what it is so often called." Miss den is the "Wayfarer" and other im thrown in Jerusalem, yet, in their symbolic form the ideal League of Yurka answered carnestly. "It is the portant parts, and the performers as- moment of supreme anguish, also re- Nations. Marching and singing to- most generous city in the world, the signed to them are: Despair, J. Harry ceiving a heavenly messenger with gether they advance toward the Gates quickest and kindest to effer relief of the Future, on them all falls the in time of disaster, the most eagerly

> "The Wayfarer" is emphasized, for "The Wayfarer makes its appeal "Gee, that was a good show!" yet in the latter depicts the Biblical story to every one. It preaches no creed; in his heart he will have heard the mesor the life of Christ. Before Despair. fact, it does not preach at all. It sage and will take up his own per-Understanding and the Wayfarer him-self is unrolled the dramatic present dramatic story in the world, with tation of the shepherds in the fields every possible accessory of music,

"The last act of the drama seems that should exist between what is

the best possible proof of the alliance Calvary in the distance; and an alling. Instantly she appears. Her part stage," said Miss Yurka. "All this answer to the one or two clerical the American Passion Play, and the true Spirituality, Love of Mankind further and further off. Now we the stage doing our best, through this

terialistic, money grubbing New

York?" I asked. farer, hie hope and faith at last re- naive city. The man in the street will After that, the close similarity be- newed, joins in the Hallelujah so to see The Wayfarer, and when

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1919

Christmas Is Coming

Christmas Is the Glad Season—Holiday Cheer Will Depend on How Much You've Got in Quart Bottles - A Green Christmas No Longer Means a Green River Christmas-The Christmas Trees Are the Only Things That'll Be Lit Up.

By Neal R. O'Hara

HRISTMAS is coming soon. Some folks call it Xmas, letting X equal the unknown quantity of gifts they'll get. And some tolks call it Yuletide. The tide comes in, but you'll be out. Only ones that are really "in" on Christmas are the guys that live up at Sing Sing.



Christmas is the glad season. Every girl's a Pollyanna and every guy's a Pollyandrew. Holiday is supposed to be merry for all of us. But Christmas this year is only going to be merry for the guys that did their Christmas shopping early in June. Holiday cheer for 1919 will depend on how much of it you've got n quart bottles. Night before Christmas THIS year not a creature'll be stirring the holiday punch-that's a safe bet. A green Christmas no longer means a Green River Christmas. Only things Santa can bring into the country this year are reindeer and rain water. And the Christmas tree's the

only thing that'll be lit up.

Christmas comes the last month of the year and the bills come the first of the new year. That gives the old man about a week to get ready for the sad things. The real six-day race is for the old boy to jack up his bank account between Christmas and the first of the year. Head of a modern family does more awearing than swearing off on New Year's nowadays.

Trouble with 1919 Christmas is that it brings the same old gifts, but some brand new prices. "Peace on earth, good will to men" is all O. K. But you've gotta give good GIFTS to women! Good will to women won't get you anywhere but in wrong. A 1919 Jane would rather have a guy kiss her over a platinum lavalliere than under a twig of mistletoe. The bird that expects to collect kisses just because there's an ounce of shrubbery on the family chandeller has got another guess coming. The boy that only brings some mistletoe for Christmas this year is going to get a toe and the missile in the order named.

Another fish that rates as a piker is the guy that tosses an engagement ring for a Christmas gift. That's gypping the jane out of her usual Xmas dividend—an engagement ring for a Christmas present. Killing two birds with one stone may be all right In the old maxims, but it ain't in the modern rules for flances. Two tricks with one diamond ain't according to Hoyle or to Tiffany.

Yes, indeed; Christmas comes but once a year, but the bills are a little more frequent than that. December 25th is what makes January the busy season for the instalment hounds. This year a dollar may not go so far, but it'll go twice as fast! And it ain't only gifts that have gone up, but grub!

Twenty years ago you could get a dozen eggs for 20 cents. The 70 cents is for storage. Twenty years ago you could get a swell waist for \$3. To-day you can still get one for \$3, but that's all it isa waste. A real swell casaque to-day

costs \$20. You can see through it, but it's hard to understand

the price. Honestly, the only thing that's is the German fleet. And speaking of Christmas cheer, there's coal. No longer

any difference between black and white-a lump of coal's as valuable as a lump of sugar, and as scarce. Coal dealers now sell coal on the Sugar Administration's schedule. And the grocer sells sugar on the apothecary's scales Many a guy would rather have smoke going up his chimney this year than Santa Claus coming down. Only one ray of cheer as Christmas approaches. Wise guys now claim oil makes good fuel in place of coal. Can't say whether they're right or wrong, but we do know a letta oil STOCK that'll make good fuel. We've got some!

One thing we wants warn shoppers against, and that's useless giving. This is no season to give a guy a silver corkscrew any more than if is to present a girl with a red flannel nightie. A girl to-day can keep warm without that red stuff, just like a guy today has got to keep warm without HIS red stuff. There's nothing "just as good" for the male folks these days. One-half of 1 per cent. is no happy medium between nothing and 110 proof!

No-no, indeed; if a wise bird wants to give a girl something smart, a Georgette waist is just the thing. Remember, the gift without the giver is bare. And the girl is-almost-when she puts it on. But a swell waist lets a girl wear it over her heart, anyway-provided it ain't so swell that it's too low for that.

Yup, Christmas comes but once a year. And we can give thanksgiving that that's all it does come.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Maid Marian. IVE forever, Maid Marian: Your

laugh, the brooks of all our sylvan fortunes of Robin Hood for aye. nours! Maid Marian was the daughter of a proud Earl of Northumberter of a proud Earl of Northumber-land. In the steel-stern twelfth cen-tury girls had to marry as father bade them. But Maid Marian had pledged her troth to Robin Hood, the alluring young outlaw who dwelt in Sherwood Forest. A powerful Baron came to the castle to sue for the hand of beautiful Maid Marian, but Maid Marian would none of it. Her father companions.—
"I am so full of The Wayfarer that I can't think or talk of anything else," concreased Miss Yurka in her rarely heautiful voice, her blue eyes softly radiant. She is so tall and graceful and fair that she reminds me of Villon's line about "White Cuen Blanche, like a queen of lilles."

To side a tudying and rehearsing her own important role of Understanding. We cannot judge sagely be sairly rate in the control takes the string out of the other fellow's labor.

Perspective takes the string out of the other fellow's labor.

The worker lower down soes nothing fair the continued, this principals for the religious pageant-play.

"The Wayfarer," she continued, "is you, see, any modern man or woman allower the worker higher up, and went the worker higher up, and when the worker higher up, and the man the coefficiant of the difficulties and distinction

knelt beside her on the sward, kissing He lifted her in his arms and bore her breath, the glades of the forest; where the girl revived and where your eyes, the star of Venus bold, brave Robin Hood commanded seen through startled branches; your the old priest to marry them. In a daze of joy Maid Marian followed the



Two Minutes of Optimism